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FRANK A. MUNSEY.

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THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1907.

Our Independence Day.

On this day, 131 years ago, the Continental Congress declared a group of separate States independent of their mother country.

The delegates to that Congress did not themselves appreciate the potential fruits of their courage. Many, if not most, of them confidently expected ultimate reunion with the greater nation across the water. But out of their declaration has come the greatest power for general education, individual self-reliance, God-fearing personal character, healthful co-operation for the benefit of good government, and influence for the peace and prosperity of the world which is known to history.

That power is directed here—here in Washington where we live. Yet the anniversary of its beginning passes today without the firing of a single gun, the expression of a single thought, the attempt in whatever formal way to note the day with proper ceremony.

Closing the Wells.

By order of the District Commissioners fifty-five public wells are to be closed. Practically all of them are in neighborhoods of the poor. They are in some cases the chief source of drinking and cooking water. Taking the handles from every pump involved will work inconvenience and dissatisfaction.

Yet no citizen in his senses can hold to disapproval of the Commissioners' decision. All of the sixty-three wells in the city have been pronounced by the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service liable to spread disease, save only three. These three have been excepted from the order. In addition, five more—believed to be not contaminated—are to be kept open, subject to constant watchfulness from the Health Officer, because they are the only sources of water supply for the communities in which they stand.

District water is pure. That from shallow wells is peculiarly likely to be impure. The District of Columbia has long held a disgraceful leadership in disease. The course of good government is to remove every reasonable source of contamination, every possible menace. These fifty-five wells fall within both classes. The Commissioners would have done less than their duty had they permitted them to remain open after they received the report adverse to them from the health service of the National Government.

Another Side of It.

The call to George E. Roberts, for many years director of the mint, to be president of one of the greatest banks in the country, suggests another aspect of this mooted problem of the desirability of the Government service as a career.

Mr. Roberts was a country newspaper man, with a studious mind and a taste for problems of finance. He was a good business man, and a successful politician as well. While still a young man his native business capacity had enabled him to accumulate a comfortable fortune, and it was quite by accident that a public speech which he made before a political club attracted the attention of William McKinley, and resulted in a summons to Mr. Roberts to be director of the mint.

In that position Mr. Roberts soon won notice as one of the country's authorities on financial matters. He has had the courage of his convictions, recently advocating a central bank of issue in a vigorous article in a leading review, despite that such a proposal is unquestionably bad politics at this time. Now Mr. Roberts is summoned to be the head of an institution of international note and power.

This is the other side of the question of Government service. Salaries paid by Uncle Sam are painfully small, both in the rank and file and among the higher executives, especially among the latter. But men who serve the Government well in executive positions enjoy peculiar opportunity for extending their acquaintance and reputation, and ultimately securing substantial recognition of abilities that in another setting might never be recognized.

The Government service, in recent years has, indeed, been notoriously a training school for executives in great business enterprises. The presidency of a financial establishment has come to be a hereditament of the Secretaryship of the Treasury. The assistant secretaries go forth to positions of such rank and power as in most cases they could never hope to reach by another route. And in other departments of Government service the same rule is only less notably applicable.

Living Up to the Navy.

This country has a navy but no way of effectively taking care of it. There must be prompt and thorough provision of the auxiliary facilities if the investment of more than a billion dollars in the new navy is not to be jeopardized and the country's defense rendered difficult or impossible at some critical time.

Naval officers have been lately making plain to the country how lamentably unsatisfactory are the docking and repair facilities for handling such an armanent as we now possess. A more suggestive or instructive elucidation of the gentle art of log-rolling in Congress and of its vicious results, could hardly be found than is contained in the story of how the naval docks at Portsmouth, N. H.; Charleston and Algiers, La., came to be where they are and why they are kept there.

Not one of these constructions is of any practical account to the navy; every one of them is an occasion for waste of money every year. These docks and the establishment which are incident to them ought to have been placed where they will be most useful. Instead they have been placed and kept where they will be most useful to the log-rolling politicians whose constituencies demand evidence of statemanly quality in the form of appropriations to be spent at home. It is no less than a scandal that these things should be; it will be a continuance and progression of that scandal if they are not corrected as soon as possible.

Likewise, with everything now making plain that the Pacific will be the scene of most of our naval operations for years to come, there is absolute need that great expansion of facilities be provided there. Not only must this be done on our own coastline, but the Hawaiian and Philippine groups must be equipped as naval bases of the first order. The next Congress, doubtless, will take up in earnest the work of strengthening our naval establishment at these weak places. The whole country needs to be alert in order to prevent the waste of as much money on the Pacific as has been wasted on the Atlantic coast.

Beyond all this, there is the problem of transports and colliers. Somehow they must be supplied, or provision made for their certain availability in case of war. Men must be enlisted to handle the ships and guns. At present thousands are needed and cannot be secured.

The battleship fleet of the United States is altogether too much "front," and too little back. The ships are equal to any in the world, as are the officers and men. But the establishment is not properly proportioned and well-rounded, and Congress is in large part responsible for the one-sided development that has brought matters to the present lamentable pass.

Good evening; are you shy any considerable number of fingers?

Has the supply of arnica been holding out pretty well?

Now for the mortality statistics.

The Chicago Tribune will step to the front and center with the annual casualty list for the battle of the Fourth of July.

One of the guests at the Fairbanks lunch says they served Manhattan cocktails, but he didn't like 'em; "tasted too much like varnish." For the first time the real reason for all this row about those cocktails is becoming apparent.

It seems that the War Department is going to have Colonel Ayres retired as unfit to fight, in order that it may avoid the embarrassments of a fight with him.

Mark Twain could almost carry his foolishness to the extent of confirming this story that he is to marry his youthful and petite secretary, and make the public believe it a joke.

The Government is after the Powder trust, the Standard Oil, the Smelter trust, and the express companies. In fact it looks as if the trusts, which keep their own Senators, were likely to be convinced that Senators are a liability rather than an asset.

Mr. Rockefeller on further thought has decided that he will obey the orders of the Federal court at Chicago, though it is mighty annoying to him.

By the time its officials get their hard-luck stories in to the court record, everybody will know that the Oil trust is a beneficent institution, against which the public is unaccountably prejudiced.

King Edward has given Caruso a decoration which will entitle him to write "M. V. O." after his name. This will doubtles please him much better than the "M. H." that has been used lately in the same connection.

ONE YEAR WITHOUT SUMMER, WHEN FEET FROZE IN JUNE AND SNOW FELL IN AUGUST

January of 1816 Was Mild, and February, March, and April Were the Same; Then Belated Winter Came.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 4.—The year 1816 was known throughout the United States and Europe as the coldest ever experienced by any person then living. There are persons in northern New York who have been in the habit of keeping diaries for years, and it is from the pages of an old diary begun in 1810 and kept up unbroken until 1840 that the following information regarding this year without a summer has been taken:

January was so mild that most persons allowed their fires to go out and did not burn wood except for cooking. There were a few cold days, but they were very few. Most of the time the air was warm and springlike. February was not cold. Some days were colder than any in January, but the weather was about the same. March, from the 1st to the 6th, was inclined to be windy. It came in like a small lion and went out like a very innocent sheep.

May Air Like Winter.

April came in warm, but as the days grew longer, the air became colder, and by the first of May there was a temperature like that of winter, with plenty of snow and ice. In May the young buds were frozen dead, ice formed half an inch thick on ponds and rivers, corn was killed, and the cornfields were planted again and again, until it became too late to raise a crop. By the last of May in this climate the trees are usually in leaf and birds and flowers are plentiful. When the last of May arrived in 1816 everything had been killed by the cold.

June was the coldest month of roses ever experienced in this latitude. Frost and ice were as common as buttercups usually are. Almost every green thing was killed; all fruit was destroyed. Snow fell ten inches deep in Vermont. There was a seven-inch fall in the interior of New York State, and the same in Massachusetts. There were only a few moderately warm days. Everybody looked, longed, and waited for warm weather, but warm weather did not come.

Wind All Summer.

It was also dry; very little rain fell. All summer long the wind blew steadily from the north in blasts laden with snow and ice. Mothers knit socks of double thickness for their children, and made thick mittens. Planting and shivering were done together, and the farmers who worked out their taxes on the country roads wore overcoats and mittens.

On June 17 there was a heavy fall of snow. A Vermont farmer sent a flock of sheep to pasture on June 16. The morning of the 17th dawned with the thermometer below the freezing point. About 9 o'clock in the morning the owner of the sheep started to look for his flock. Before leaving home he turned to his wife and said, jokingly:

"Better start the neighbors soon; it's the middle of June and I may get lost in the snow."

An hour after he had left home a terrible snowstorm came up. The snow fell thick and fast, and, as there was so much wind, the fleecy masses piled in great drifts along the windward side of the fences and outbuildings. Night came and the farmer had not been heard of.

His wife became frightened, and alarmed the neighborhood. All the neighbors joined the searching party. On the third day they found him. He was lying in a hollow on the side hill with both feet frozen; he was half covered with snow, but alive. Most of the sheep were lost.

Built Fires to Save Corn.

A farmer near Tewkesbury, Vt., owned a large field of corn. He built fires. Nearly every night he and his men took turns in keeping up the fire and watching that the corn did not freeze. The farmer was rewarded for his tireless labors by having the only crop of corn in the region.

July came in with snow and ice. On the Fourth of July, ice as thick as window glass formed throughout New England, New York, and in some parts of the State of Pennsylvania. Indian corn, which, in some parts of the East, had struggled through May and June, gave up, froze, and died.

To the surprise of everybody, August proved the worst month of all. Almost every green thing in this country and Europe was blasted with frost. Snow fell at Barnet, thirty miles from London, England, on August 30. Newspapers received from England stated that 1816 would be remembered by the existing generation as the year in which there was no summer. Very little corn ripened in New England. There was great privation, and thousands of persons would have perished in this country had it not been for the abundance of fish and wild game.

Megaphone-Maddened, Coney's New Police Boss Says Howls Must Stop

NEW YORK, July 4.—Capt. James J. Langan, who was in charge of the detective bureau once, and who now is rusticating at Coney Island, stood on the corner of Surf avenue and West Eighth street on Sunday afternoon. Every once in a while the captain's brows would knit and a sickly, pained look would come over his countenance. Some got the impression that the boss cop of Coney Island had partaken too freely of frankfurters and popcorn, while another rumor got adrift to the effect that he had wandered into Billy Lakeland's orchard, near the Brighton Beach race track, and sampled some of the green apples.

But these impressions and rumors were all unfounded. Something else was troubling the captain. It was the husky howls that came from the barkers in front of the various amusement places, shooting galleries, photograph parlors, and the like. On the previous Sunday the new summer resort constable put the kibosh on the barkers. He had discovered an old ordinance that seemed to prohibit these unearthly yells and put it into effect. Captain Langan holds the opinion that noises are unnecessary at any time, but absolutely unlawful on the Sabbath.

Damper on Langan.

A ruling by the magistrate in the Coney Island police court put a damper on Langan's first move for the reformation of the seashore resort. The judge decided that barking was a harmless pastime even on Sunday and threw the cases the captain had brought to test his plan with out of court. Coney certainly barked. Every time the captain or his rubber shoe sleuths would stroll down the main thoroughfares the barkers would roar fervently. They seemed to be making up for the stillness of the Sunday before, when they were compelled to paint placards and display them high in the air until their arms nearly dropped off from exhaustion.

The captain was upheld in one contention by the Coney Island magistrate. That was in the case of megaphones. It was decided that the human voice was sufficient to lure a Sunday crowd without resorting to the artificial aid rendered by a noise-magnifying horn. So Captain Langan and his men spent the greater part of the day in quest of any that were bold enough to defy the law by using a megaphone. If a noise was heard that resembled in any way that of a megaphoned vocalism Captain Langan would send his sleuths on the hop in pursuit of that noise.

Wild Goose Chase.

As a result there were numerous wild goose chases. One reverberating howl was run down and found to have originated in the honker of Fred Thompson's automobile. Another terrific blast that could be heard from Sea Gate to the Oriental Hotel at Manhattan Beach was sleuthed after for a long time only to be found to be Fred McClellan giving orders from his office in the middle of Luna Park to the man at the top of the shoot the chutes. They tell a story of how McClellan once decided that he wanted a certain circus act booked in Europe and conveyed the order to Fred Thompson, who was headed for Europe on a ship that was rounding Sandy Hook lightship. They say that McClellan walked only half way down Feltman's walk to shout his order, but this has been denied.

The reason for the marked hostility or Captain Langan toward the megaphone has been learned. The captain was sent to Coney only two weeks ago. He didn't like the transfer for many reasons. One was the natural aversion that all Manhattan cops have to being sent to any part of Brooklyn. Another was the fact that Captain Langan's home is in the Bronx.

New Captain Peevish.

When the new captain arrived at Coney he was peevish. He decided to make the best of it, however, and did what all police captains do—strolled around to see and be seen. Captain Langan on parade is something of a display, too. But he wandered around Coney unnoticed. He didn't like this and was melancholy. Furthermore, his pride was greatly shocked while he was making back to the station house by way of the Bowery. A barker in front of a photograph joint stuck a six foot megaphone out over half of the Bowery until the noise releasing end of the thing had completely engulfed the captain's right ear.

"Hey! You're quite a sporty lookin' gent; step in and git yer pitcher took!" howled the barker.

This would disconcert any ordinary individual, but in the case of the new captain it was worse than yelling "Fire!" in Baxter street. The captain lost control of himself. He grabbed the megaphone and made for the howler. Some one tipped off the latter just who the person was that he had yelled at, and the barker made for the open sea by jumping through his entire picture taking plant.

It was then and there that Captain Langan decided on his first move of reform. He vowed he would eradicate the megaphone or bust. He says that he will never rest until he has succeeded in routing the megaphone for good and all, week days and Sundays alike. Just how he will come out in the crusade is a matter for speculation, but if the captain has his way, there will be a bonfire made with banished megaphones on the beach July 4.

Coney Gets a Thriller.

The man who flies the box kites from the dome of the Bostock building gave Coney a thriller yesterday afternoon. He sent up half a dozen huge kites, but the thriller came when a woman was seen to soar high in the air on a trapeze attached to the kite string. Her bright red skirt, white shirt waist, and shock of blond hair showed up fine in the sunlight, and everybody in Coney rubbered long at the trapeze artist. Then an enormous crowd gathered in front of the Bostock establishment and cheered the brave artiste as she was lowered to the roof of the building. There was a crush to see her when she landed, but the kite man lowered her into a hollow on the roof. A reporter saw the lady. She's built after the plan of a parlor sofa—but don't tell.

The press agent at Dreamland took a very small boy and a very, very big story to the Coney Island police station yesterday afternoon. The boy had been found half starved and half dead in a packing box under the Dreamland pier late on Saturday night, by Casey, the night watchman's fox terrier, which had turned St. Bernard for the occasion.

The press agent took a name for the boy along with him to the station house. The name sounds like some Italian way of cooking potatoes. The boy, it seems, had run away from the coal fields of Pennsylvania. He had tired of being a breaker boy, and came to New York to learn to be a president of a trust. Just how he got under the Dreamland pier was not made clear. The press agent said that William Ellis, who has a lot of shows in Dreamland, had offered to adopt the boy. Captain Langan said he had trouble enough, and was willing to let Mr. Ellis adopt. The boy was sent back to Dreamland, and the story was sent to the newspapers.

WOMEN IN PRISON APPEAL TO U. S.

Sixty Alleged to Be Jailed By Mexico Without Cause.

They Assert That All Efforts to Secure Justice Fail.

NEW YORK, July 4.—Appeals to President Diaz of Mexico by citizens of the United States in behalf of sixty women of the higher class reported to be confined under revolting circumstances in Belen prison, Mexico City, will probably follow the receipts in this city of a letter from Isabel de Ruiz, one of the prisoners. A movement to secure the release of the prisoners through representations to Diaz will probably be started within a few days.

Prominent Mexicans residing in New York are back of the scheme and they expect to enlist the sympathies of people throughout the whole country. The women are imprisoned it is claimed on a charge of attempting to incite a revolution. It is claimed they are in reality members of a society organized for charitable purposes and give no attention to politics.

The letter from Mme. de Ruiz came to her sister, Mme. Maria de Ruiz Sandoval, whose husband resides in Mexico City, but who is now serving in the Guatemalan army. It was smuggled out of the prison. It declares the sixty women have been imprisoned for some time and have been denied a trial or the privilege of consulting attorneys.

They are kept in small filthy cells and the food is of the poorest. All appeals to Diaz have been fruitless and Mme. de Ruiz says she has abandoned hope of release unless friends in the United States intervene.

BOY AS DECOY; KIDNAPER NABBED

Intercepted Letters Furnish Clue to Alleged Offense.

NEW YORK, July 4.—As he left the Grand Central depot, a man who said he was Charles Richard Sutton, Eastern representative of a large dry goods house in Helena, Mont., was arrested on the charge of attempting to kidnap fourteen-year-old John S. Cassidy. Sutton lives at 126 Berkeley place, Brooklyn.

The prisoner, who was well dressed, and carried two suit cases, was indignant at his arrest, and demanded the cause. The officials of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, however, haled him to the East Thirty-fifth street station, where he was locked up, after Lieutenant McAvoy had declined to accept cash bail for his appearance in the Yorkville court this morning.

Long Under Suspicion.

The arrest was the result of a plan on the part of the society which has had Sutton's case in hand for some time, acting on the request of the boy's mother. According to the story told by the society's agents and admitted by the boy, Sutton has been in the habit of sending the boy letters and postal cards whenever he was away from the city on a business trip.

The letters spoke of meetings the two had had in the city and begged the boy, say Cassidy's parents, to leave New York and accompany him on his trips to the West.

Arrested on Arrival.

One of the postal cards fell into the hands of the boy's mother, who became suspicious and watched the lad's mail. Mrs. Cassidy took the letters and her fears to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The matter was in that shape when, two weeks ago, a letter from Sutton to young Cassidy apprised his friend that the man was on his way back to New York and would probably be in town about the end of June. As a result, the officials, accompanied by the boy, were at the depot to meet Sutton when he arrived.

Sutton greeted the boy affectionately. Then the agents arrested him. The boy was sent to the society's rooms for safe keeping and will appear against the man in Yorkville court today.

PARSON DEFENDS PULPIT-FORTRESS

Arrested and Sued, Still Preaches to Angry Brethren.

LEXINGTON, Ky., July 4.—This city is the scene of a most novel church war, and one in which the pastor was served with a restraining order to prevent his preaching in his church.

The Rev. S. E. Smith, pastor of the First Baptist Church, colored, has been at outs with his congregation for some time. Several weeks ago he tendered his resignation, and accepted a call to Hamilton, Ohio.

The resignation was promptly accepted, to take effect immediately, so the congregation asserts in its petition. The Rev. Smith declared that this was not the case, but he was to continue to preach for sixty days. Sunday he occupied the pulpit, which so incensed some of the members that a warrant was issued for him, charging him with disturbing religious worship. When this warrant was served, Smith promptly executed bond, and continued his sermon. Then a restraining order was issued.

The church congregation also prays for $200 damages from Rev. Smith, as the members declare he has injured the church to that extent, and that unless he is removed he will injure the church's standing irreparably. The matter is to be tried before Magistrate J. B. Payne.

Fairbanks Cocktail Fight Much Too Small a Matter To Bother the President

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., July 4.—President Roosevelt will not be drawn into the Fairbanks cocktail fight. The fact that prohibitionists in Indianapolis are now charging him with not only looking upon the Manhattan when it was ruddy, but that he also absorbed the cherry at the bottom of the glass, does not give the President any concern whatever. The President was a guest at the Vice President's home and he believes it would be very bad taste, indeed, for him to discuss the subject. He is, therefore, neither confirming nor denying the charge that he drank the cocktail before his plate or the wine that was served as the luncheon progressed.

"The President has been attacked before in his career, and it is not likely that this will be the last time," said an official at the executive offices. "If it pleases the Indianapolis teetotalers to 'jump on' him because they have been told certain occurrences that may or may not have taken place, the President will certainly not add to or spoil their satisfaction by replying. He is doing his best to get a little rest during his vacation and will not get 'all heated up' over such a small matter."

AWFUL GERMS LURK IN SCHOOLBOY KISS

—PHILA. SCHOOL BOARD.

PHILADELPHIA, July 4.—Kissing games are to be tabooed in public school playgrounds. Stringent regulations against the old-fashioned plays in which the penalty is a kiss will be suppressed by the board of education and the medical inspectors.

Not that these stern authorities fear the incursion of the little god, or wish to discourage amicable relations between the youngsters; they are simply shooing away the dread microbe and discouraging the visitation of infectious germs.

Infantile kissing, which has been for generations the thrilling accompaniment of "spin the plate," "going to Jerusalem," 'clap in and clap out," "drop the handkerchief," and a score of other games, is now looked upon as unhygienic and a transmitter of germs.

Besides, the authorities argue that the modern child is made of sterner stuff than the youngster of a generation ago, and that boys and girls would rather engage in more athletic sports than those of their grandparents.

"There are so many more educational forms of recreation now than there used to be," said William A. Stechler, director of physical instruction, "that it is not necessary to permit the old kissing games.

"Games that require muscular activity and skill and bring into play the development of brain and body have been substituted on our recreation schedule and we do not anticipate any trouble in doing away with the unhealthy practice of promiscuous kissing."

Sentiment did not enter into the mind of Dr. Thomas J. Beatty, assistant to the chief of the Bureau of Health, when he issued his mandate prohibiting kissing on playgrounds. "The practice is disease-spreading and will not be tolerated," he said with scientific finality.

COMING TO THE THEATERS

One week more remains of the engagement of Edwin Arden at the Belasco Theater. For his closing bill, beginning Monday night, Mr. Arden will present Haddon Chambers' great drama, "Captain Swift." It was in this play that Mr. Arden won great success in Washington several summers ago, and its selection as his farewell offering is in response to the numerous requests for its revival. "Captain Swift" is a powerful play, in which the central figure is a notorious highwayman from Australia, who seeks to reinstate himself in English society, but is gradually but surely enveloped in a net of circumstantial evidence which discloses his true identity. He meets his mother, who had cast him off in infancy, and the scenes between mother and son are powerful and stirring. There is a strong love story in which Swift renounces his love for a beautiful English girl because he realizes that he can never make her his wife. There will be the usual matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

REVIVAL OF "THE AMAZONS" OFFERING AT COLUMBIA

Beginning next Monday evening, July 8, the Columbia Theater Company, including both Miss Charlotte Walker and Miss Hilda Spong, will offer a revival of "The Amazons," a fantastic and whimsically captivating comedy by Arthur W. Pinero. Miss Spong and Miss Walker will next week be seen in the delightful characters of the two principal daughters of the Marchioness of Castlejordan. The story centers around the three daughters of the marchioness, who is keenly disappointed because her girls are not boys, and, therefore, tries to bring them up "mannishly" by way of compensation for the lack of bona fide sons. She attires the daughters in bloomers, puts them through gymnastic stunts, compels them to seek open air exercise and does everything she can to unsex them. Everything goes well until the trio of beautiful creatures fall in love with disastrous effect upon their mother's plans and many humorous complications.

In "The Amazons" Pinero attempts no criticism of life, he seeks to solve no problem of morality, sociology, or psychology; he only permitted himself to dally with the "mannish woman" idea in the lightest, gentlest spirit of satire and in a most whimsical mood of romance.

FIREWORKS AT LUNA PARK TO CELEBRATE THE FOURTH

Leaving the earth with the grace and buoyancy of a bird, alighting when and where his inclinations may dictate, are some of the marvelous doings of Skypilot Beachey, who is now astounding the patrons of Luna Park. Beachey lays no claim to being courageous, nor can he be classed as being foolhardy. His is a business, and he goes about it in a plain, everyday manner.

The American Regimental Band continues to draw large crowds, and, because of its success, the management has held it over until Sunday night. The band's season was to have closed Saturday, the 6th, but arrangements were made with Bandmaster Conway whereby he would open Monday, the 8th, in order that the Weaver organization could respond to pressing requests by giving a farewell concert.

As an extra added attraction tonight there will be a costly display of pictorial and fantastic pyrotechnics.

GIRL FOOTPAD, CHURCH WORKER

Rent Due, She Makes One Admirer Rob the Other.

TRENTON, N. J., July 4.—Miss May Prior temporarily forgot all her religious training when she found the room rent due, and, despite the fact that she had been an ardent Bible student and a regular attendant at Sunday school, she lured an acquaintance, George Van Ellis, to a lonely spot near Morrisville, Pa., and with the assistance of Clarence Watson, attacked and then robbed him.

Van Ellis, who was seemingly in love with the religious girl of Dick Turpin proclivities, fought gallantly for his money, but was overpowered by the woman and her accomplice. Broken in spirit and flat in wallet, he arrived in Trenton and made a complaint against the pair.

The arrest followed, and a demand was made by the victim that they be returned to Pennsylvania for trial. Miss Prior confessed the crime and made a strong plea for Watson, saying that he participated simply as a favor to her, and that she alone was responsible. She said she had carefully planned the crime several days before its commission, and that Watson, when he secreted himself near the trysting place, did not know what was expected of him. The plea was not listened to, and the pair were sent back to Pennsylvania.

After the robbery, the couple left Van Ellis, who was unconscious, by the roadside, and started for Trenton. Van Ellis recovered in a few minutes, and also started for Trenton. He got on the same trolley car that the Prior girl and her accomplice had boarded, and when the car reached this city the victim of the robbery immediately called the police.

AUSTRIAN SWAIN UNLUCKY PILGRIM

Tries in Vain to Reach Sweetheart's Home.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 4.—There passed through Philadelphia yesterday an Austrian immigrant, Stefan Bojozak, who has been having a very hard time reaching his destination, Clayton, N. Y., where his sweetheart is waiting to wed him. On the steamer crossing the ocean the man's papers became mixed and he was tagged for Clayton, N. J. Landing there he sought Fedoza Koztyk, whom he was to marry, but in spite of the fact that he could not speak English, he found out that he was in the wrong town.

Bojozak then had plenty of money, and was placed upon a train bound for Jersey City, and given a letter explaining exactly where he wanted to go. Three days later he arrived at Clayton, N. J., again, but, not daunted, he bought another ticket, and tried again. But Monday night he stepped off the train at Clayton, N. J., for the third time, and this time he was in desperate straits. He had spent all of his money—was, frankly, broke.

He broke down and cried when he recognized the all too familiar railway station. Then the people of Clayton, after learning through an interpreter the man's story, took up a collection and got him a ticket for Clayton, N. Y., which is on the St. Lawrence river.

This time Theodore Kler accompanied Bojozak as far as this city, and he left him only after he had made the conductor give his solemn promise that he would ultimately land where he wanted to go, and where his bride-to-be was waiting for him.

STILL A FEW LEFT UNREAD.

The Government printing bill has been cut $2,000,000 the last year, and further reduction is in prospect. Yet we have heard of no complaints of a famine in public documents.—Boston Transcript.